

PHOTOGRAPHS

BY

G. W. WILSON.

TROSSACHS & LOCH KATRINE.

Philip W. Sparling
February 6th 1869.

H. H. F. H.

PHOTOGRAPHS
OF
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH
SCENERY.

BY
G. W. WILSON,
ABERDEEN.

TROSSACHS AND LOCH KATRINE.

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C O N T E N T S.

LOCH ACHRAY AND BEN VENUE.

THE TROSSACHS HOTEL.

A "BIT" IN THE TROSSACHS.

THE PASS OF THE TROSSACHS

LOCH KATRINE, FROM THE TROSSACHS PIER.

LOCH KATRINE.

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LOCH KATRINE, LOOKING TOWARDS BEN VENUE.

THE TROSSACHS PIER, LOCH KATRINE.

ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.

THE SILVER STRAND, LOCH KATRINE.

THE PASS OF BEAL-ACH-NAM-BO.



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LOCH ACHRAY AND BEN VENUE.

LOCH ACHRAY AND BEN VENUE.

THE LAKE OF THE LAUREL FIELD.

LOCH ACHRAY is nearly two miles long, and about half-a-mile broad. Its southern shore has a gentle character in contrast with the bold rocky promontories which skirt it on the north.

The road winds

“ Up the margin of the lake
Between the precipice and brake,”

overshadowed by wood of luxuriant growth, which runs up the sides of the mountains. Many points afford fine views of the Loch which, when placid, reflects in its clear water the rugged brow of BEN VENUE; from one of these points the view is taken.

“ The rocks—the bosky thickets sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark’s blithe carol from the cloud
Seems for the scene too gaily loud,”



THE TROSSACHS HOTEL.

THE TROSSACHS HOTEL.



THE spacious hotel erected for the accommodation of the numerous tourists who visit the Trossachs is a turreted edifice, standing at the east end of the Pass on the site of a cottage which long gave entertainment to tourists, and which bore the name of Ardcheano-chrochan, signifying “the high end of the rock.” Although refering to another scene, Sir Walter Scott’s words might well apply to this building—

“ It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device ;
* * * * *
Where oft a hundred guests had lain,
And dream’d their forest sports again.”



A "BIT" IN THE TROSSACHS.

A "BIT" IN THE TROSSACHS.

THE subject of this view is situated about 100 yards to the north of the Trossachs Hotel, in a picturesque gorge of the mountain. In rainy weather the stream comes down in a roaring torrent, but in its more usual aspect it is a gentle murmuring rill, which only serves to lull asleep the tired tourist after his pleasant stroll amongst the scented birches of the Trossachs.

“No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill.”



THE PASS OF THE TROSSACHS.

PASS OF THE TROSSACHS.



THE romantic defile which forms the entrance to the “bristled territory,” as the Gaelic name signifies, affords numberless fine views of natural scenery of the richest character. Rocks of all shapes and sizes, embosomed in foliage, lie scattered around; crags, scarred and seamed with fissures, overtop the trees, which flourish everywhere, while mountain peaks of varied outline hem in the whole.

“ But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravine below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle.”



LOCH KATRINE, FROM THE TROSSACHS PIER.

LOCH KATRINE,

FROM THE TROSSACHS PIER.

THIS is the first view of the Lake which comes suddenly upon the traveller when emerging from the gorge of the Trossachs dell ; and as it is the first, it is one of the most striking. Here we have

“—— promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright,
Float amid the livelier light,
And Mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.”

But as the “Rob Roy” steamer for the head of the lake starts from this point, there is often little time given to the tourist to impress upon his memory the beauties of the scene ; for although enchanted therewith, the shrill call of the steam whistle makes him hasten on to

“Fresh fields and pastures new.”

LOCH KATRINE.

ON approaching the east end of Loch Katrine, the tourist comes to a narrow inlet, deep, clear, and rock-girt, and wonders how a steamer can by any possibility get out of the labyrinth which the view presents. The water winds hither and thither, and it is difficult to know whether the rocky eminences so densely covered with verdure, and washed by the clear deep waters, are chains of islands or headlands wriggling their way through the water.

“ Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock ;
And, higher yet, the pine tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrow'd sky.”



LOCH KATRINE, LOOKING WEST.

LOCH KATRINE,

LOOKING WEST.

THE point from which this view is taken is situated about sixty yards north of the Trossachs Pier, and gives a different view of the same little bay from which the steamer departs. It is from this point that the pleasure boats, rowed by hardy Highlanders, start for the Goblin's Cave and Ellen's Isle.

The cave is situated on a rocky platform, a considerable way up the brow of Ben Venue, which is seen rising beyond the birch-clad promontory in the middle distance. The Cave is formed by an accumulation of rifted rocks scattered about in wild disorder.

“ The shaggy mounds no longer stood
Emerging from entangled wood ;
But, wave encircled, seem to float
Like castle girdled with its moat.”



LOCH KATRINE, LOOKING TOWARDS BEN VENUE.

LOCH KATRINE,

LOOKING TOWARDS BEN VENUE.

— — — — —

LOCH KATRINE is about ten miles in length, two in average breadth, and in some places so deep as 488 feet. Its form is serpentine, and a road (from which this view is taken) conducts along its northern shore to Glengyle. From this point the rugged side of Ben Venue forms a prominent feature in the distance, throwing down upon the lake its

“ Cragg, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl’d,
The fragments of an earlier world.”

And it is pleasant to watch its ever-changing aspect, as the long summer day advances to its close.



THE TROSSACHS PIER, LOCH KATRINE.

THE TROSSACHS PIER.

ONE of the greatest charms about the Trossachs is the suddenness of the changes in the scenery and their unexpected character. One minute the traveller is plunged into a dark gloomy defile, with precipitous frowning rocks shutting out the light of heaven above him, and the next he emerges into the openness of day, and is bathed in sunlight. On emerging from the Pass, Loch Katrine appears

“ ————— Still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck’s brood to swim.”

The waters, of transparent clearness, have a murky hue, caused by the deep shadows of Ben Venue and the hanging masses of rocks which form the Trossachs.



ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.

ELLEN'S ISLE.


ELLEN'S ISLE, the chief seat of action in the Lady of the Lake, lies at the east end of Loch Katrine, and is a rocky islet, whose crags are concealed by trees.

“ The stranger viewed the shore around ;
'Twas all so close with copsewood bound,
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,
Until the mountain maiden showed
A clambering unsuspecting road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened in a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground.
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had formed a rustic bower.”



THE SILVER STRAND, LOCH KATRINE.

THE SILVER STRAND.

PPPOSITE Ellen's Isle, on the north shore of the Lake,
is the pebbly Strand where Fitz-James had his first
interview with Ellen.

A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying in almost viewless wave
The weeping willow-twigg to lave ;
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched this SILVER STRAND
Just as the hunter left his stand.

“ I well believe,” the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side—
“ I well believe that ne’er before
Your foot has trod Loch Katrine’s shore.”



THE PASS OF BEAL-ACH-NAM-BO.

PASS OF BEAL-ACH-NAM-BO.

THE PASS OF THE CATTLE.

THE lower end of Loch Katrine, whence the river issues, is as rich in wild grandeur as the more usually visited places in the district, and the precipices of Ben Venue are here seen to great advantage.

The tourist should on no account miss the scenery which is to be met with on the south side of the river. The road from the Hotel leads round the head of Loch Achray, past the farm house, and on to the pass of Beal-ach-nam-bo, which is shewn in the view as an indentation in the outline of the distant mountain.

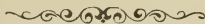
The Pass itself is a beautiful glade overhung with birch trees and rich in ferns, by which the cattle, taken in forays, were conveyed within the protection of the Trossachs.

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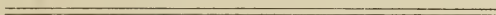
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